

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

BY WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.]

VOL. 1.

"STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION."

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YAZOO CITY, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1839.

NO. 13.

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
TERMS.—The STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION will be furnished to subscribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines, or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the CASH, or good reference in own. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10 00 State or County Office—in advance.

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GEORGE KIGER,
Editor of Gulf Star.
WILLIAM M. TOLBERT,
Publisher of the State Rights and Democratic Union.
June 1839.

It is with pleasure we copy from the Yazoo City Whig, the following stanzas entitled the "Feast of the Buzzards." It possesses every quality of merit—there is something original, wild and impressive in its style, and with the Whig we say to our readers—read it." Of all the numerous pieces of fugitive poetry that have appeared at different times in the prints of this place, we do not remember to have seen one that would vie in merit with "The Feast of the Buzzards."

MA. EDITOR.—If you think these lines contain any poetry they are at your service for insertion in your paper. I would remark, as a prefatory note, that the ephemera may be seen in swarms on the banks of the Yazoo, glancing in the sunshine of a fine June morning.
The chuck-will's-bird is too well known to require any notice in this note. The buzzard I must confess is rather an unpoetic bird, except in the boldness of its flight. I have seen them descending rapidly from among the clouds with astonishing rapidity until about the tops of the trees, when they would sweep gracefully away, without a motion of the wings.

THE FEAST OF THE BUZZARDS.
Yazoo is a gentle river,
Driving slow, and winding ever,
Through shady banks where hangs the willow,
That drooping lowly finds a pillow
On the soft ripple when 'tis stilled,
By the dipping water bird.
Here the gay of humors,
Fits through a summer holiday,
And sinks at eve, as fades the ray,
That coldly its brightness into play,
And the night bird gladsome sings—
Keeping time with beating wings—
Chuck-will's-bird!
And hark again! how clear it sings,
Chuck-will's-bird!
There sits an old bird on a blasted tree,

And he seems to be laughing in ecstacy:
Bending his body to and fro,
With eye and foot on something below:
Straining his throat with a wailing sound
As he looks down upon the ground:
Like an enemy's ghost in merry mood,
Biting of things that bore no good:
There he sits on the blasted tree,
The dark old owl, what meaneth he!

He means to dine most daintily,
For stooping from the dead oak tree,
With kimbo'd wings, he dances around
The carcass he sought upon the ground.
See how he tears the insensate flesh,
Sighting it out and gorging himself;
While others are coming in haste to share
Whatever is left of the dainty fare.

I guess they will have a soupy meal,
For lo! the black flocks are about their wheel,
Now gathering thick, now whirling thin way,
As they seem to drop from the cloud on their prey!

And now the carnivorous feasting begins:
"Tipping and peeling, amidst a bang of wings,
Greedily swooping, chasing and choking,
Some stealing a morsel, some battle provoking:
Then one by one—
The scuffling done—
Uncouth they leave the ground;
With awkward springs
On flapping wings,
They mount up with a bound;
And soaring aloft, they soar so high,
As to tint the air of the upper sky,
With the loathed breath of obscenity.

If thou wouldst feastest a true bird,
O seek him with the humble mind:
No gravelly view, no dazzling show,
Ditch omnibus Me-it know,
Yazoo City, Oct. 16, 1839.

From the New York American.
SARATOGA.
Sand banks and swamps, and dwarf pine trees,
And streets with dust be clouded—
A score of shingle palaces.
With splendid square crowded—
Old mansions of ball and route,
The young with envy evening:
Old gossamer's crippled with the gout,
Their latest measure trying.

Grey politicians at their tricks
Of bargain, S. tan and id:
The Tattersals of Politics,
Where men for miles are traded,
Old misers at loggerheads with Time,
Their girlhood wives essaying;
And dandy amateurs of rhyme,
Their album gifts displaying.

A daily draft of water, such
As that of olden March,
Which the parched Arab would not touch
Upon his hot Sahara.
Wild Rob Roy's rule at dinner hour,
Around the crowded table—
That he shall take who has the power,
And he shall keep who's able.

Yet here disease with trembling limb,
And cheek with death's pale tinge,
And under lip, with eye grown dim,
A mournful tale discloses.
We for these stricken ones of earth!
Why come they here to bawl,
From gl' d' crowds and heartless mirth,
An added weight of sorrow?

Oh! sadly to the falling eye:
The merry dance is moving:
Young forms of beauty floating by—
The loved ones and the loving!
On bearded lip and fair young face,
The astral light is glowing:
O'er manly form and maiden grace,
A softened lustre throwing.

Light—music—dances! mirth and song,
Through bower and hall are waking;
Yet midst the gay and glittering throng,
How many hearts are aching!
Dark brows, with anxious frowns set,
Would tell heaven the willow;
And eyes now bright with smiles, will wet
With tears a sleepless pillow.

And this is Saratoga! Well—
Give me, instead, the glory
Of a laurel's rock, and stream, and dell—
And healing promontory!
Her dance of waves on Ocean's shore,
The breeze-harp of her mountains—
The ocean's shawls filling o'er
Her fesh and undrugged fountains!

THE LATE SULTAN MAHMOUD.
BIRTH—CHILDHOOD—YOUTH.
Mahmoud II. was the thirtieth sovereign of the family of Osman, and the twenty-fourth who had reigned in Constantinople since the conquest of that city in 1453. He was born in the year of the Hegira, 1163; on the 14th of Ramazan, 1199, of the Ottoman era; or the 20th of July, 1785, of the Christian calendar. He was the son of Sultan Abdul Hamid, and was the only survivor of a very numerous family. His mother was of French extraction, and imbued his mind with more intelligence than is generally found in a seraglio; but though early acquainted with Persian, and Arabic, in the year 1816, Mahmoud is stated by Dr. Walsh to have known neither French nor any European tongue.

He was a mere infant at his father's death, and his cousin Selim, as the oldest surviving male heir, was called to the throne; in whose hands, according to the barbarous regulation of the dynasty, was Mahmoud's life and death. A few years after, when the hapless and amiable Selim was deposed, he became for many months the companion of his imprisonment, and Selim derived an agreeable occupation from his active and afflicted mind, in imparting to his young cousin Mahmoud the knowledge he had acquired when at liberty and a sovereign. Mustapha IV. was then called to the throne; he was cousin to Selim and brother to Mahmoud, and by the vilest of his slaves was Selim foully murdered; whilst Mahmoud, apprehending a similar fate, fled and hid himself under a heap of carpets. Thence he was drawn to ascend the throne of Selim, his kind relative, his benefactor and tutor.

MAHMOUD BECOMES SULTAN.
Mahmoud ascended the throne on the 11th of August, 1808, and only a few months had elapsed, when, to maintain himself in the

sovereignty, Mahmoud ordered the murder of his brother Mustapha, as that brother had before ordered the murder of Selim. Thus was the domestic tragedy completed. Fratricides are common in Turkish history, and are deemed so necessary a policy, that the people annexed no moral turpitude to such murders in the Seraglio.
On the day that Mahmoud ascended the throne, thirty-three heads were exposed at the gate of the Seraglio, among which the hideous deformity of the chief of the black eunuchs shone conspicuously on a silver dish, allotted to him on account of the dignity of his office. The leaders of the revolution that had dethroned Selim were strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus; and such of the women of the Seraglio as had rejoiced at Selim's death, were thrown up in sacks and drowned at the tower of Kiz-Koules, opposite the Seraglio point.

The destruction of Mahmoud's oppressive Grand Vizier was one of the earliest events of his reign; and, compared to the horrors then committed for three days in Constantinople, the revolutions which dethroned Selim and Mustapha sink into familiar and insignificant tragedies. The city was the scene of a terrific civil war—the massacre was indiscriminate, and helpless women and children were butchered by the soldiery; houses were fired in every direction, arms were discharged from the windows, and stones and boiling oil were thrown upon the troops in the streets, where the flames and toppling ruins, respecting neither party, frequently interrupted their combats, consuming both, or burying them under smoking ruins. No one attempted to stay the conflagration; and soon the most populous quarter of Constantinople was covered with a sheet of fire; whilst the cries, the groans of women, and old men and children, excited no pity amid the general crash and clamor. Mahmoud beheld the awful spectacle from one of the lofty towers of the Seraglio; but not "like another Nero," as some have unjustly asserted—the flames were not of his kindling, and he would have extinguished them, had not the fire been so intense as not to be arrested by throwing to the ground whole stacks of houses. The mob mistook the Sultan's commiseration and mercy, for weakness and fear, and amidst their cries for vengeance, were suggestions that it was time to dispose of Mahmoud as Selim had been disposed of. These voices were Mustapha's death warrant. For three days his fate had been hanging by a thread; and Mahmoud now listened to those who depicted the ferocity and revengeful disposition of his brother, in a manner to show that the hour of his becoming a fratricide had at length arrived. As the ominous voices clamored at the Seraglio gate, the Sultan gave the horrible command for a brother's murder. "By some who are inclined to take the most favorable view of his character, it is said that the words died on his lips—that he twice reverted from his officers and courtiers, who expected the order with impatience, and walked to the loophole or window, whence he could observe the multitude; and that when at last he constrained himself to utter the words, 'Let it be done and quickly,' he covered his face with the shawl of his turban, and, shivering from head to foot, threw himself into the corner of a sofa. Others, however, assert that on hearing the cries of the people, he became furious, and rushed himself, with the Kislar-agma and the Capidji bashi, to the prison of his brother, and presided at the murder.—The facts are buried in the mysteries of the Seraglio; but whatever was the mode of execution, or the feelings of nature, the last shriek of the cowardly Mustapha soon echoed thro' that bloody recess, and Mahmoud felt the security of his unity—the inviolability of the sole male relict of the Osman race, and might say with horrid triumph, 'I am alone—and there is none but me.'

From this dreadful moment, Mahmoud may be said to have borne a charmed life; he felt this, and strong in the peculiarity of his situation, undertook and accomplished measures which none of his predecessors dared contemplate. The birth of sons did not immediately endanger his safety, for the Turks teach their princes as naught until they reach manhood; yet the sudden death of his eldest son, (on whom the eyes of the party adverse to reform and innovation were fixed,) in the tenth year of his age, is by many attributed to poison, administered by a jealous and unnatural father; though such a crime would have been premature, and it seems more probable that the child died of the small pox.

The death of Mahmoud's brother broke the shield and spear of the rebellious party; and when it was ascertained that the dreaded Vizier, Mustapha Bairatar, had perished in the flames of the revolution which he, and not the Sultan, had provoked; and when the multitude had dragged the corpse to the open square of the Etmeidan, the great resort of the Janissaries, and had there impaled it, they listened to their Sultan, the civil war ceased, and every thing returned to its accustomed order. Mahmoud did not, however, spare the friends of the Bairatar; he had one of their chiefs put to death without any remorse, and exposed his head at the gate of the Seraglio for a month, and many others were strangled. Upon this crisis it has been remarked that Mahmoud, although utterly regardless of human life when opposed to his profitor his pleasure, or brought into contact with his own personal dislike or revenge, never seems to have indulged in cruelty for cruelty's sake alone.

It is, however, time to glance at features of

the Sultan's character which are less creditable to humanity. The country had been carrying on a war with Russia but feebly; the armies of the Emperor had driven the Turks out of the provinces and followed them across the Danube, and the Grand Vizier had retreated beyond the Balkan, and taken up a position at Adrianople, leaving nothing to obstruct the march of the enemy on the capital, but a garrison in Shumla and the Balkan mountains, which they were preparing to pass. At this critical moment, the young Sultan erected the standard of Mahomet at Daud Pacha, around which the people speedily rallied—200,000 men were suddenly raised; a new Vizier was appointed, who partook of his master's energies, and the Russians instead of passing the Balkan as was expected, were compelled to recross the Danube, and the peace of 1812 ensued. From this time the Turkish empire remained tranquil, till the Greek insurrection burst out and again called forth the terrible energies of the sovereign.

Meanwhile the heart of Mahmoud had been hardened and elated by habitual rigor and success. He did not temporize with revolted pachas or disaffected bodies, as his predecessors had done; but he saw them fall one after another, until none remained with the semblance of power, save Ali Pacha, of Yanina, and Mehmet Ali, of Egypt, and they were fain to be regular in their payment of tribute and testimonials of respect and submission.

The Sultan had now acquired the character of a man of extraordinary activity of mind, and uncompromising severity of temper; he governed not by his ministers, but by himself; he knew what was going on better than any man in his Empire, and was always able to anticipate his Vizier's reports. He frequented the streets at night in disguise, like Haroun Alraschid, entering coffee houses, mixing with all ranks, and hearing their opinions; and though persons often recognized the Imperial spy, they dare not divulge the detection.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.
Dr. Walsh sketches the Sultan as 'a tall, ill-made, mean looking man; his countenance as dark as mahogany; his beard very full and as black as his glossy as jet; it is said he used artificial means to color it. He was remarkable for the smallness of his hands, and the length of his body; the latter being that of a man exceeding six feet in stature, though he was not more than five feet seven or eight inches. He looked always to most advantage sitting or riding, and in fact he was seldom seen by strangers in any other position.' On the occasion of an interview, the Dr. describes the Sultan's 'dress, a dark, dingy red robe, and we thought there appeared nothing brilliant about him.' His head seemed immovable, 'but his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it, something like the color of white glass, gleaming now and then under his mahogany forehead, as he glanced sideways at us, gave him, I thought, a most demon-like expression, according well with the cruel character I had heard of the man, the melancholy state of the country, and the gloomy cell in which he received us.'

The Doctor saw Mahmoud on horseback, in European dress, boots, and pantaloons, with a military cloak buttoned under his chin; and instead of the awkward and contracted position in which he had seen him before, covered with a long dress like a woman, he had a manly and firm seat, with long stirrups; he wore the fez, or red cap, having laid aside the turban.

Macfalan relates that the Sultan had got rid of the sickly hue of the Seraglio in his military life and the field: his complexion was excessively sun-burnt, and a manly brown; he had lofty and orientally arched eyebrows, large coal-black eyes, thick beard and mustaches, and a loudly carriage of the head; his stature was not tall, but a fine breadth of shoulders, an open chest, and well set arms, denoted robustness and great bodily strength; and he boasted of pulling the longest bow of any man in his dominions.—The lower part of his frame was not so good, his legs being ungraceful, from the Turkish mode of continually sitting with them under the body. He wore no gloves, (which, indeed, no Turk has yet worn) and his Wellington boots were not of leather, but of black velvet. Mahmoud's constitution was always good; and his military life improved his general health; he mostly wore the cloth scull cap, with nothing to shade his eyes; and exposure to the glaring sun, in 1827, did considerable injury to his eyes. He was the best horseman, a la Europeenne, in his army; on his visits to the mosque, he rode a horse richly caparisoned with housing of silver, and gold bit and bridle set with jewels, and surplus of massive gold. After prayer, he emerged an altered man: disencumbered of his costly turban, plumes, diamond agrettes, and flowing robes, he appeared in a simple military dress—a plain, dark blue mantle, cosack trousers, and boots with cavalry spurs fastened to the heels; his only head covering a common fez, or scarlet cap, with a blue silk tassel.

Slade describes the personal appearance as favorable and characteristic, more in accordance with the expression of our portrait—"his eyes were saturnine; his complexion dark; his countenance hedged by a fine black beard, open, at times mild, its form oval; his hands were small; his body remarkably long; his stature five feet eight inches."

Miss Pardee portrays Mahmoud as a man of noble physiognomy and graceful bearing who sat upon his horse with gentlemanlike ease, and whose countenance was decidedly prepossessing. He wore in his fez an aigrette of diamonds, sustaining a cluster of peacock's feathers; an ample blue cloak was flung across his shoulders, whose color was one mass of jewels, and on the third finger of his bridle-hand, glittered the largest brilliant the lady had ever seen. The Sultan was not handsome, and yet it is difficult to define, wherefore; for his features were good and strongly marked, and his eye bright and piercing; his jet black hair, seen in heavy curls beneath his fez, and his bushy and well trimmed beard, added considerably to the dignity of his appearance, and gave him a look of much greater youth than he could actually boast. Probably, our lady traveller is the best authority on male beauty, but her admiration of Mahmoud is tempered with exposure of his "consummate personal vanity," his delicious chateaux of painting red and white, cosmetics, self adornment, &c.

PRIVATE LIFE.
Many interesting traits of the Sultan's personal history and private life are recorded by the travellers already quoted. Dr. Walsh learned from one in constant intercourse with Mahmoud, that he took two meals daily, one at 11 A. M. the other at sunset: he exchanged the Turkish stool and tray for a chair and table—the latter was laid English fashion, with gold spoons and champagne, his favorite wine.—He always ate alone; the dishes, sixty or seventy, were served covered and sealed; he broke the seal himself, tasted the dish, and when he came to one he fancied, he dined sparingly upon it; he was free in the use of wine. His manners were mild and amiable, he was a cordial friend, and a good master to his domestics; he was very fond of his children, and would play with them by the hour, allowing them to climb up and ride on his back. Dr. Walsh, when botanizing one day, stumbled upon Mahmoud, on the shores of the Bosphorus, sitting under a little tent, playing with one of his children; his Majesty took no notice of the Doctor, who did not, however, feel his head safe until he again got beyond the prohibited circle. Slade represents Mahmoud's kindness and liberality to those about him as remarkable, but that he had no firmness or constancy.—"The favorite of to-day he would bowstring to-morrow.—A passion for building, a difficulty of access unusual in oriental princes, and debauchery, were the minor traits of his character; his presence made solitude a crowd, converted the vacant space into peopled haunts."

From Raynor's Life of Jefferson.
THE LAST HOURS AND DEATH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.
When the morning of that day came, he appeared to be thoroughly impressed, as if preternaturally, that he could not live through it, and only expressed a desire that he might survive until mid-day. He seemed perfectly at ease, being willing to die. When the doctor entered his room, he said, "Well, doctor, you see I am here yet." His disorder being checked, a friend expressed a hope of amendment.—His reply was, that "the powers of nature were too much exhausted to be rallied." On a member of his family observing that he was better, and that the doctor thought so, he listened with evident impatience, and said, "Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude for the result." He then calmly gave directions for his funeral, expressly forbidding all pomp and parade, when being answered by a hope that it would be long ere the occasion would require their observance, he asked, with a smile, "Do you think I fear to die?" A few moments after, he called his family and friends around his bed side, and uttered distinctly the following sentences: "I have done for my country and for all mankind, all that I could do, and I now resign my soul without fear to my God, my daughter to my country." These were the last words he articulated—his last solemn declaration to the world—his dying will and testament, bequeathing his most precious gifts to his God and to his country. All that was heard from him afterwards, was a hurried repetition, in indistinct and scarcely audible accents, of his favorite ejaculation, *Nunc, Dimittas Domine—Nunc, Dimittas Domine*. He sunk away imperceptibly, and breathed his last, without a struggle or a murmur, at ten minutes before 1 o'clock, on the great oxen of American Liberty—the day, and hour, too, on which the Declaration of Independence received its final reading, and the day and hour, on which he prayed to Heaven that he might be permitted to depart.

Astonishing coincidence! wonderful antithesis! Was not the hand of God most affectingly displayed in this event, as if to add another, and a crowning one, to the multiplied proofs of his especial superintendence over this happy country? On the anniversary of a day the most distinguished in the annals of mankind; on the fiftieth anniversary of that momentous day; on a day, too, which his own great work had rendered thus momentous—at the identical moment, when fifty years before he was engaged in repeating its sublime and eternal truths, for the final adoption of his country—and in merciful fulfilment of his last earthly prayer, he closed his eyes in patriot ecstasy, amidst the thunders of artillery, and the lightning of impassioned declamation flashing from every temple, and the hosannas of a congregated nation, uniting with one voice in proclaiming the assurance of his immortality! The like felicitous combination has never happened in the world—no, nor can it ever hap-

pen, may be almost said with certainty. Few of the miracles recorded in the sacred writings are more conspicuous or imposing. Mark again—what did not escape the wonder and the record of the anxious spectators of the scene—the extraordinary protraction of physical existence, manifested in the last moments of Jefferson, as if to render the coincidence more striking and beautifully complete. At 8 o'clock P. M. on third of July, his physician of whose enemies it is superfluous to speak, pronounced that he might be expected to cease to live every quarter of an hour from that time. Yet he lived seventeen hours longer, without any evident pain, or suffering or restlessness; without sensibility, consciousness; with sensibility, consciousness, and intelligence, for much more than twelve hours of the time; and at last gradually subsided into inanimation like a lamp which had shone throughout a long dark night, spreading far its beneficent rays, and had continued to burn enough to usher in broad day light upon mankind. His desire to see the noon of the national jubilee was thus wonderfully fulfilled, contrary to the expectations of all those around him. Surely a life so precious and illustrious, should, if possible, be rendered more estimable, more sacred in the contemplation of the incomprehensible fecility of his death.

AN ELOQUENT REMARK.—A correspondent of the Baltimore American alluding to the story of Jack Sheppard, eloquently remarks: "It requires genius of a very high order to describe human nature in its lowest grades, and at the same time excite those sympathies of our character which connect the outcasts of our race with the great human family—to portray man, corrupted from childhood by profligate association, and debased by sensual indulgence—yet having a spark in his bosom, which might be kindled into a burning light, and which, as the feeblest pulsation shows the presence of life, proves that the soul within him came down from heaven. It is then we feel that God is our common Father; and man, even when debased, is still our brother."—Phil. Inq.

THE MONIED INFLUENCE.—In one of the bold and plain spoken addresses of Governor McDuffie, he thus alludes to the power of the banks: "The men who control a bank, control all who are indebted to that bank; and thus by sanctioning this meretricious union of money with power, you deliver your country into chains which nothing but a divine interposition can ever break or dissolve."

MULTUM IN PARVO! The truth in a nutshell—but we think that human interposition will yet dissolve the "chains."

LOVER'S LEAP.—A black man in a fit of despair and jealousy, after bidding his sable Dulcinea a most affectionate farewell, jumped from a second story, back of Mulberry street, on Tuesday evening. He came down on his head, but, it is said, to the injury of the brick pavement.—N. Y. Era.

HOW TO STOP A NEWSPAPER.—Call at the office and fork up arrearages and order it stopped, like a man; and not refuse to take it out of the Post Office and sneak away like a puppy.

A FACT—A STUBBORN FACT!—Mr. Van Buren gave his casting vote as President of the United States Senate in favor of a bill prohibiting the circulation of the incendiary publications of the abolitionists in the slave holding states. Mr. Clay voted against the bill, and with the abolitionists.—Georgian.

MELANCHOLY.—Within the compass of a week, G. W. Bots, Esq., of New Orleans, buried his oldest son, aged 14 years, died himself, and was followed into eternity by his wife, Mrs. Mary E. Bots. All three died of yellow fever, and the youngest child on the 1st inst. lingered with the same disease.

A man was boasting about his knowledge of the world, when a wag in company asked him if he had ever been in Algeria. "I can't exactly tell," said he, "but I think I once passed it on the coach."

A NEW SURGICAL CASE.—A few days since a boy belonging to the British School, Trowbridge, broke a blacklead or a slate pencil into his ear, and so far had it gone in, and still so short was the piece, that it bade defiance to the attempts of one eminent medical man to extract it, and a second would not make the attempt, but recommended the mother to take him to Bath. where he would, at the hospital, be sure to meet with proper attention, and be judiciously treated. Accordingly she was preparing the boy for the jaunt, and was preparing due ablutions on his face, when the boy not behaving quite so well as his mother thought he ought, she gave him a smart box with the palm of her hand on the ear, (but not the ear that was affected,) when, strange to tell, out came the pencil! The cure was wrought as if by magic, the journey saved, and all by a good sound box on the ear.—Bath Post.